ETHEL'S EXPECTATIONS; OR, A MOTHER'S MISTAKE.

BY EMMA LESLIE,

Author of "Bolingbroke's Folly," "Gerald's Dilemma," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

THE following Sunday proved so cold and stormy, and Dorothy seemed so unwell, that Mrs. Westlake insisted upon her staying in bed and being nursed instead of going to church. Of course, she was greatly disappointed at this, for she wanted to know whether Horace Greenslade had returned home, or whether he intended to prolong his stay with Ethel. That it was for her sake he had stopped beyond the day originally fixed for his return, was Dorothy's firm belief by this time, and she tried to persuade herself that she was in reality glad to escape meeting him this morning.

Tom, too, was disappointed that his sister was not at the usual trysting-place to meet him as he went to church; and Horace, who was with him, proposed that they should walk on to Mrs. Westlake's and find out the reason of this, before going to the service.

The fact was, he had half hoped Dorothy would have sent a reply to his little formal letter—that she would understand somehow that he wanted to say a great deal more than he dared, and would therefore have pity upon him and send him a kind word in return.

His mother's report that Miss Maldon was looking very poorly when she came the previous Sunday, filled him with vague alarm; but he was too modest in his estimate of himself to suppose he could in any way be connected with this. And so, when Mrs. Westlake's servant told them that Miss Maldon was in bed with a bad cold, no other reason for her indisposition was ever suspected by either of the callers, though both were disappointed that they could not see her that day.

"She won't like being shut up there, either," said Tom, as the two walked back together to church. "You see, she was going to say a word to you, and now I suppose I shall have to do it, though I daresay I shall make a blunder over it, and maybe get your back up."

"I don't think anything your sister might want to say would offend me," answered Horace, tranquilly.

"What is the matter, my boy?" *p.* 66.

"Well, look here, don't you be such a muff as to set your heart upon marrying my sister, for you could never make her happy, I can tell you. I don't mean it out of any disrespect to you, old fellow—quite the other way, in fact; but Dorothy and I are both agreed that it would never do."

"And Miss Dorothy told you to say this to me!" gasped his companion, feeling as though he were suddenly deprived of all life.

"Well, I hoped she would have informed you herself. I told her she ought to have done so before you went away."

"Then—then this is why your sister wished to avoid meeting me this morning, I suppose?" said Horace, rather stiffly.

"Well, I don't know about that. Dollie isn't a coward, though of course she would not care about speaking if she could help it."

They had reached the church door by this time, but Horace turned aside. "I don't think I will go in this morning—I—I want to think over two or three things."

It was Tom's turn to look surprised now. "Aren't you well?" he asked.

"Oh, I just want time to think things out a bit," replied his companion. "You go on into church, and if I am not home by dinner-time, tell my mother not to wait for me," and saying this, he gave Tom no time to make any further comment, but walked briskly away.

Tom stood still for a minute, looking after him. "Then Lady Lofty has managed to get hold of him," he said half aloud.

Meanwhile the victim of this well-intentioned blunder wandered on into the country, for until he had walked himself into a calmer state he did not wish to meet anyone he knew. His brain felt as though it were on fire, and his heart was full of bitter, angry feeling against Dorothy. How dare she make him the laughing-stock of this boy, even though he was her brother? How cruelly she had deceived him all this time! It must have been of set purpose, too, that she might have the power of insulting him and boasting of her conquest.

The farther he walked, the more angry he grew. He did not do as Dorothy had done—turn to God for help and guidance in his trouble, but nursed his anger until it blinded and deafened him to all reason.

In spite of the wind and rain he walked on, until it began to grow dusk, and then feeling faint and tired, he turned round to consider for the first time how he was to get home. His mother would be in a state of alarm at his long absence. "Poor mother! she won't like giving up her comfortable home just as she has got settled so nicely. But it will have to be done, for I can never be made the plaything of a heartless girl," he said, half aloud. He managed to find his way to a railway station that he might go back by train, but even then it was ten o'clock at night before he reached home, and Tom had gone out in search of him.

"Why did you let him go, mother?" he asked peevishly. "I don't want him to trouble himself about me or my affairs."

"What is the matter, my boy? What has happened to upset you?"

"Oh, never mind, mother, it's all over now; only I think we shall have to make another move again, before long."

"Horace, what do you mean? Have you quarrelled with his lordship?"

"I haven't had the chance as he is away from home, or I might do even that, much as I like him."

Mrs. Greenslade looked at her son, wondering whether he had a touch of brain-fever. "Miss Maldon came up this afternoon while it was fine," she said, thinking this would give a different turn to his thoughts.

"What did she want?" he asked, with a contemptuous curl of his lips. "I am very glad I wasn't at home," he added.

"But why should you be? I feel sure she came to see you, though she looked more fit to be in bed than out such a cold day as this."

"Oh, she had her reasons, of course; but I don't choose to be made a laughing-stock of by these people. I hope Lord Mount will soon be home, for I am anxious to make a change, and at once, too."

While they were talking he was eating his supper, for he had scarcely tasted food since the morning, and it somewhat relieved his mother's fears to see the bread and meat disappear so rapidly.

He went up to bed before Tom got back, and left the house next morning before he was up, and through this studied avoidance of him the two did not meet until the following Sunday.

It was a miserable week for Dorothy. She met her brother on Wednesday, and went for a walk with him, but, of course, Horace did not join them. Tom told her of their talk on Sunday morning, and both concluded that he must be very much in love with Ethel, and consequently offended with Tom for what he had said about her. Very little was known of the particulars of his visit, beyond the fact that Mr. Sutherland had seemed glad to see him, and pressed him to come again as soon as he could.

Nothing but the stern determination to do her duty at all costs enabled Dorothy to keep on with her work, and to perform it with satisfaction. That and her firm trust in the love and fatherly care of God supported her through this trial, though she looked unwell at times, and Mrs. Westlake feared she was going to be really ill.

For a week or two nothing occurred to disturb the even surface of things. After that one outburst Horace relapsed into a dignified silence over his affairs. Lord Mount was still away from home, so that he could take no steps towards giving up his present employment; but on the plea that he had to make up for being away, he contrived to spend most of his time on the estate, or in the little office attached to it, and thus avoided meeting Tom as much as possible.

Dorothy, of course, seldom went to see Mrs. Greenslade now, for fear of meeting Horace; though if he were going to marry Ethel by-and-by, she did not see why he need avoid Tom as well as her. Another thing also puzzled her: her mother in her letters made no mention of Ethel's engagement, and Dorothy, though she longed to ask, had not the courage to introduce the matter herself.

It was seldom that Ethel found time to write to Crofton, but one day a letter in her handwriting arrived, and Dorothy felt sure it was to tell her of the engagement and probable date of her sister's marriage. But, to her amazement, Ethel's first words set this at rest.

"I cannot think what you and Tom could see in Mr. Greenslade to like," she wrote. "I thought him a dreadful fellow—not at all like the gentlemen I generally meet at the Manor House; and I was not sorry when his visit came to an end. Mr. Sutherland evidently wanted me to take pity on the awkward fellow. But he was too much of a boor, even though I would like to oblige the poor old man's fancy

about it, as he is a relative, and might think he has some claim upon him."

Dorothy put the letter into her pocket, more puzzled than ever. The next time she saw her brother she showed him the missive.

"What do you think of it, Tom?" she asked.

"Well, this beats everything. What can Greenslade be sulking about, if he is no more in love with Ethel than this letter would imply? I thought he was offended about what I said of her, but that can't be it; and if it isn't that, what is all the row about, I should like to know?"

"So should I," said Dorothy; "but I suppose we are not likely to discover this, as he does not seem inclined to talk to anybody about the affair. You say he spends very little of his time at home now?"

"I very seldom see him. I say, when are you coming to see Mrs. Greenslade? She was saying the other day that she never saw you now."

"I'll come home with you to-day if you like. She will be alone, I suppose?" said Dorothy, for an irresistible impulse had seized her to go and tell Horace's mother the mistake they had both made, and how this letter of Ethel's had increased the mystery.

She confided her plan to Tom, who at once decided that it was what they ought to do.

"The poor woman is just fretting herself to fiddle-strings over it all, and so if we can do anything to set matters straight, we ought."

"Very well, only leave me to manage it, Tom. Don't you say a word while we are at tea, and as soon as you have gone I'll begin about it."

"Mind you do, for I have fancied sometimes that if you had said that word of warning about Ethel instead of me, he would have taken it better, and all this fuss might have been prevented," said her brother.

Mrs. Greenslade was very glad to see Dorothy coming up the garden path with her brother once more, and determined to find out, if she could, what the quarrel had been about between her and Horace.

Her mother-love had made her watchful of every little circumstance, and she felt sure that her son's unhappiness was connected with this girl.

Dorothy looked very different now from what she did when first she came among them. Sad-eyed and weary-looking, the girl was but the shadow of her former self, so that Mrs. Greenslade was convinced that whatever might have been the cause of the present state of affairs, she had suffered as deeply as Horace, perhaps more so. The desire, therefore, to talk the matter over was mutual, and as soon as the tea-things were cleared away, and Tom settled at his books, the two went and shut themselves in the parlour, where they could talk without fear of interruption; and there Dorothy told her good friend what she and Tom had thought was the reason why Horace had stayed so long at Mr. Sutherland's, and how the idea had now been dispelled by Ethel's own letter upon the subject.

"Oh, I could have told you his heart was not set in that direction," said Mrs. Greenslade, gravely, shaking her head. "My boy is not given to talk much, but he would have told me if this old cousin had wanted to repeat what he had done in my poor husband's case; for I knew Horace's love was given before he went away, though he never told me in so many words."

Dorothy's pale cheek flushed slightly, for Mrs. Greenslade let her see that something of her secret was known.

"No, my dear, it was not your sister, and I have always thought that you and Horace must have quarrelled over something, and that both of you were too proud to own yourselves in fault."

"But I have never seen him since he has been home," said Dorothy.

"And he did not write to you while he was away?"

"Yes, he sent me a short note saying he should not be home for the Sunday," answered Dorothy, again colouring.

"Pardon me asking the question, Miss Maldon, but did you answer the letter?"

"No, it did not require an answer," and as she spoke she drew the formal little note from her pocket, for she was determined to hide nothing now.

But though they talked over the matter for an hour, they were no nearer finding a solution of the mystery.

After Dorothy had gone, however, Mrs. Greenslade determined to try a better plan with her son than the one she had hitherto followed. Instead of waiting upon him in silence while he ate his supper and read the newspaper, she met him at the door as he came in, and led him into the little parlour where she had had the talk with Dorothy.

"Horace, I never thought I should have to accuse you of murder," she said, intending to paint his conduct in the blackest colour, without sparing him.

"What, mother!" exclaimed the young man. "Who dares to accuse me of such a thing?"

"I do, for you have as surely given Dorothy her death-blow as though you had struck her on the head instead of the heart."

"What do you mean—what are you saying?"

"That the poor girl is sinking into decline because you have won her love and then trampled upon it."

"Mother, do you know that Dorothy flouted and grossly insulted me? A day or two before I went away I let her know that she was the one woman in all the world who could make me happy, and while I was gone she must have told her brother of this, and also told him to say that I should never have her."

"I don't believe it," impulsively spoke Mrs. Greenslade. "I have seen Dorothy this evening, and she is as truthful as—as you are," concluded his mother.

"Thank you. I thought you might accuse me of being a liar as well as a murderer," said Horace, bitterly.

"No, but there has been some cruel mistake, somewhere, and——"

"Not on my part, mother," interrupted the young man, proudly. "Now, if you will let me, I will go to my supper," he said, turning towards the door.

His mother let him go, but went up and knocked at Tom's door to see if he were in bed. "All right, I'm going directly," he replied.

"Come and open the door, I want to speak to you," whispered Mrs. Greenslade, through the keyhole.

Tom appeared immediately. "What is the matter?" he asked.

"Why, I want you to tell me exactly what you said to Horace the Sunday after he came home; he says your sister set you to insult him."

"Why, he must be mad—mad as a March hare. *I* insult him! I like him too well. That was why I told him he was too good for Ethel, because she was so selfish no man would ever make her happy."

"You are sure it was not Dorothy you were speaking of?"

"Dorothy!" uttered Tom, in a tone of scorn. "Whoever thought of Dorothy? She is only a girl; nobody would think of her getting married."

"Come along down and tell Horace what you have told me," said Mrs. Greenslade.

"Why, he'd bite my head off; he hasn't been civil to me since," returned Tom.

"Never mind; you've both been making a mistake somehow, and it must be set right. He believes your sister set you to insult him."

"Then he's a muff. But I'll come and tell him just how the whole thing began, if I can remember now."

But Tom's memory was not very clear upon several points. The only thing he could be certain about was that he told Dorothy she ought to have informed Horace before he went away, that Ethel had grown so selfish and exacting lately that she was not likely to make him happy as his wife.

"Why, you stupid blunderer, you just reversed the whole thing, and told me it was of no use for me to ask your sister, as I should never make her happy."

"Yes, and didn't that amount to the same thing?" assented Tom.

"But you said your sister," persisted the other, growing more angry every moment.

"Of course. Ethel is my sister, and you had been staying with her for nearly a fortnight."

"Staying with her for a fortnight! Why, I scarcely saw the young lady, except occasionally at meal-times—I was not good enough for such a grand dame as she was; and of course I thought you meant Dorothy."

"Dorothy is only a girl," exclaimed Tom, in wondering bewilderment. For Horace and his mother had both burst into a hearty laugh, and it was the first of the kind heard in that house for more than a month.

"You wretched blunderer!" said Horace, taking Tom by the shoulders and threatening to shake him; but the tears were in his eyes, for the sudden revulsion of feeling was almost more than he could bear. "And Dorothy has been made ill through it, you say, mother! Do you think she could care enough for me to take it to heart like that?" said the young man, speaking in a lower tone to his mother, but loud enough for Tom to hear.

It was beginning to dawn upon Tom that, although Dorothy was little more than eighteen, she might not seem such a girl to Horace Greenslade. "I never thought about its being Dollie," he said. "We never seemed to think of her being grown up; only Lady Lofty appeared to be the one to be married."

"You had better go to bed now, Tom, and run down to Mrs. Westlake's in the morning with a letter for your sister," said Horace, "for she must be told at once what a trick you have served us all."

It took Horace nearly all night to write that letter, but he looked brighter and fresher the next morning than he had appeared for some weeks. "I have told Dorothy I shall be at Mrs. Westlake's by four o'clock to bring her home to tea," he said, as he went out to his work; and Tom felt that he would hardly be wanted to make up a walking-party to the park.

But Horace Greenslade had another source of anxiety now, which his own impatience had brought upon him. He had written to Lord Mount, asking him to appoint another agent in his place as soon as possible. Therefore, if his lordship should take him at his word, and a stranger were found to take over the cottage and relieve him of his duties, so that he had to leave Crofton and Dorothy, what should he do? and by dinner-time the young man was looking more anxious than ever.

(*Continued on page* 81.)

MILLICENT GARRETT FAWCETT.

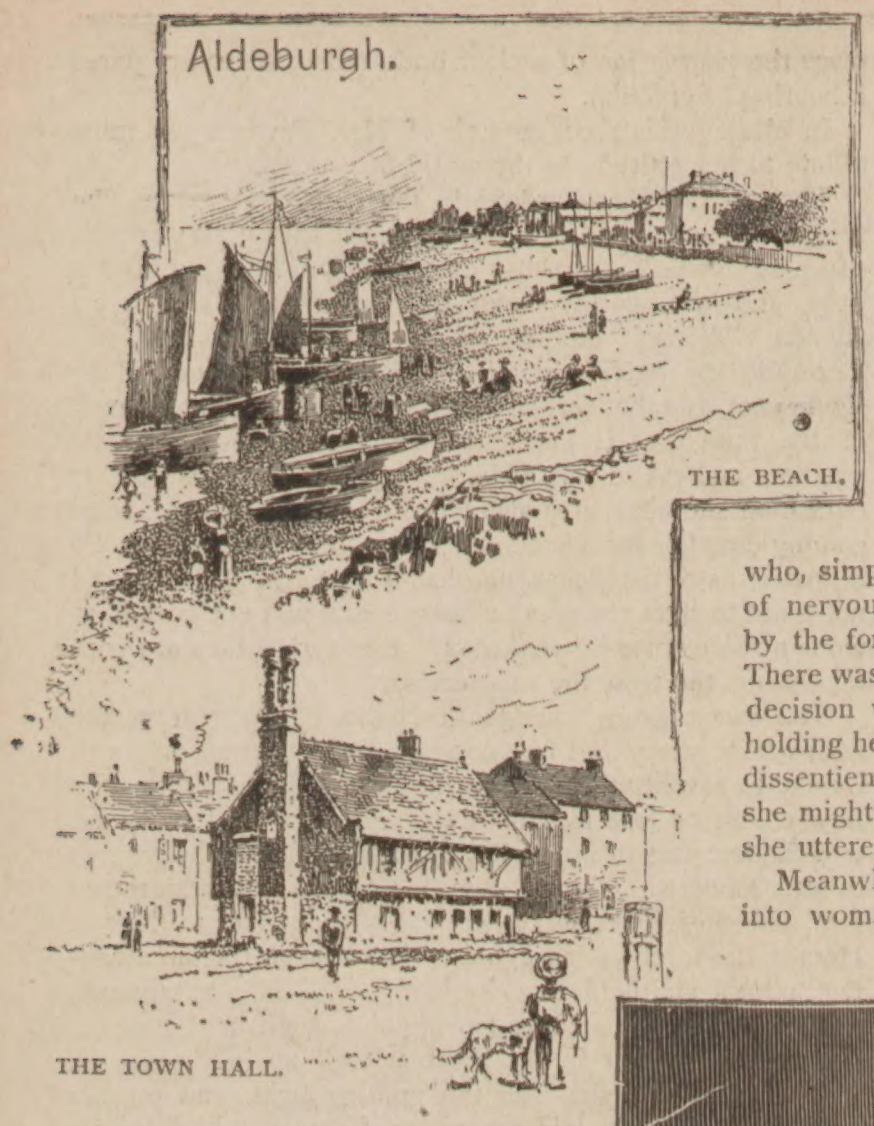
BY C. W. FRANKLYN.

A LITTLE fishing village on the coast of Suffolk, with a couple of thousand inhabitants, most of whom engage in seafaring pursuits, and count some dozen families as the *élite*—this one would scarcely expect to be the abode of culture. Yet, about thirty years ago, had one been visiting the home of Mr. Newson Garrett, Mayor of Aldeborough and a prosperous corn-merchant, one might have discovered a group of girls, well read in poetry, deeply interested in politics, students of social economy, and alive to thoughts and desires which in those days were chiefly the possession of the highly educated few.

Mr. and Mrs. Garrett were among those intelligent parents who allow for self-teaching in the management of their children. Their youngest girl was Millicent, the subject of this sketch, and up to the age of fourteen she was happy enough to enjoy home training, under the care of a governess. Possibly this lady was not such as Girton sends now to instruct our youth, and assuredly the modern "certificate" might vainly be looked for among her qualifications; but her pupil was not the slave of a "system," and the original powers of the child were not stunted by early cramming. Millicent had leisure to dream, to read, to think, to expand in the directions nature pointed out; leisure also for the best of athletics—the race along the shore, the clamber after early wild flowers, the trial of speed with a favourite dog, the leap over ditch and brook, the mounting of a stile, or the climbing of a tree. This period of early girlhood was followed by two years in a school at Blackheath, and then Millicent returned home to take up her own education.

In 1866 she became acquainted with Professor Henry Fawcett. The young man was blind from a shooting accident, but his energy was unquenched, and he appreciated to the full the fresh and cultured womanhood of the Aldeborough home. A year later he won Millicent for his wife, and the girl left the quiet, commonplace village, for the strong intellectual life of Cambridge society. Her husband, besides his work as Professor of Political Economy, had duties in the House of Commons as Member for Brighton, and engaged somewhat extensively in literature. Millicent Fawcett threw herself into all his pursuits, becoming his partner and helpmeet in the fullest sense of the words. When he contested Brighton for the second time, she accompanied him, and during one of her rides about the town her horse fell with her. A period of enforced quiet in no way abated Mrs. Fawcett's ardour, and in 1875 she gave to the world the fruit of her retirement in a novel called "Janet Doncaster."

This story has, apart from purely literary merit, two points of personal interest. In the first place we find there, under the name of "Norborough," a vivid picture of her birthplace and its society, her father appearing as "Mr.



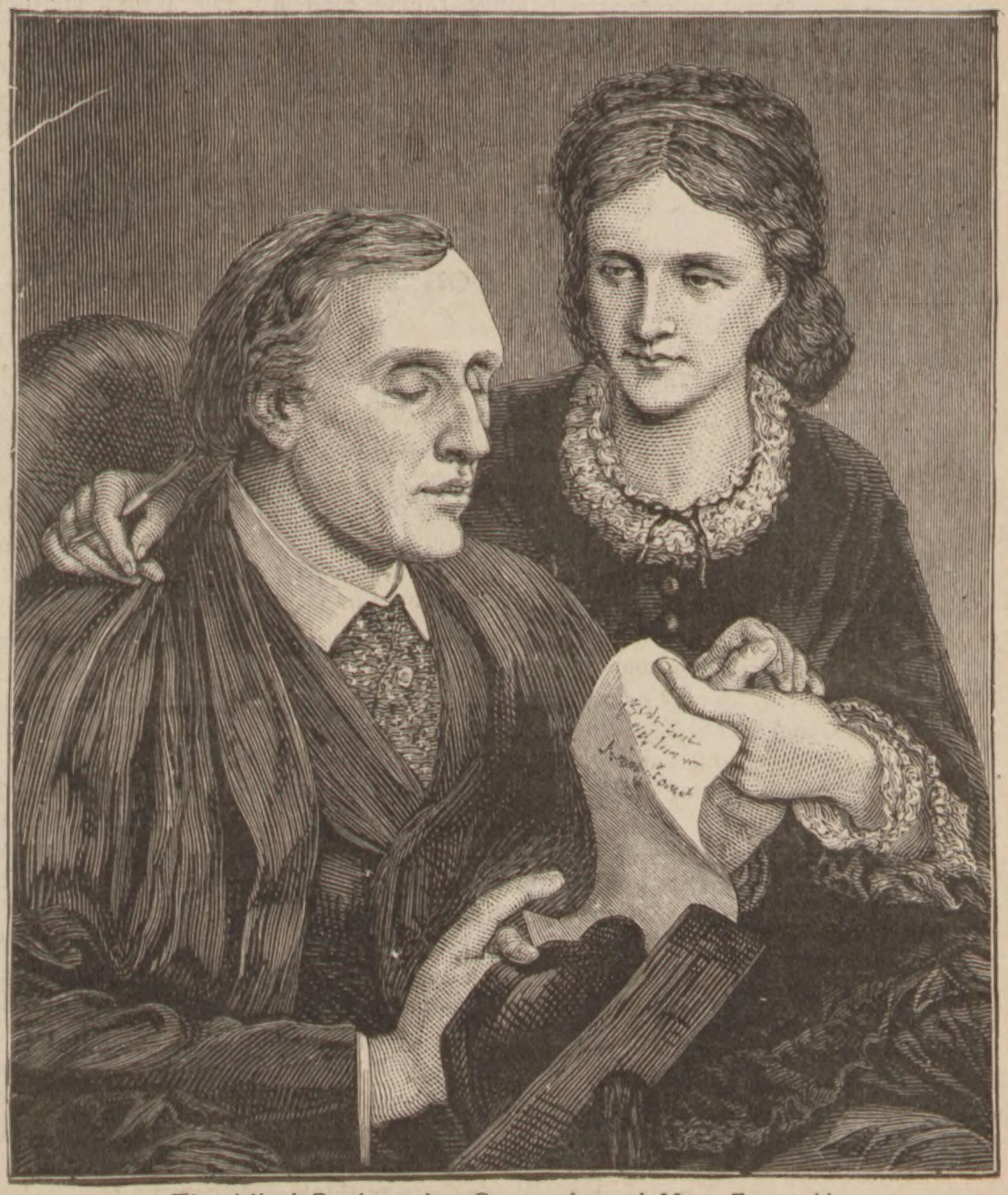
Ralph." Secondly, the subject of the novel deals with what has always held a cherished place in the writer's heart—the duties and position of women.

It is not undervaluing Mrs. Fawcett's merit as a wife to note that she had in all things a strong opinion, a strict line of her own. We have already seen the keenness of the sympathy she accorded to her husband's work. When he held the office of Postmaster-General it was commonly known that his wife's intelligent help greatly assisted the noble man, who, in spite of a misfortune that would have ended the career of most, attained to a difficult and responsible post in the State—a post necessitating the mastery of endless and intricate details. Eyes Mrs. Fawcett gave him, and, of almost more value, a continual incentive to renewed energy and unflagging hope. However much she might engage in outside duties, home never suffered; the father never missed a needed hand; the child never knew a moment's neglect. And, even as she took part in Professor Fawcett's labours, he, as far as might be, accompanied sympathetically those of his wife.

In 1870 Professor Sidgwick called a meeting in Mrs. Fawcett's drawing-room to consider the higher education of women, and its ultimate issue was the founding of Newnham College, in which she has ever displayed an active interest, and which was to be the means of affording her one of the greatest joys of her life. Mrs. Fawcett also joined the Committee of the National Society for Woman's Suffrage, and it was in the belief that she ought, in every way in her power, to forward the cause of women's education and improved social position, that she emerged from private life, and appeared as a lecturer upon the platform.

In time Mrs. Fawcett gained a reputation as one of the best of our many excellent women speakers, and her husband was exceedingly proud of his small, quiet wife, who, simply dressed and looking calmly around her, without any sign of nervousness or trepidation, at once attracted attention, and held it by the force of her lucid reasoning and remarkable command of facts. There was something piquant in the spectacle of the little woman, whose decision was not arrogance and whose fearlessness was not bravado, holding her own so easily in face of hundreds of auditors, and, sometimes, dissentients. Her conviction of the righteousness of whatever cause she might have in hand was always distinctly apparent in every word she uttered.

Meanwhile the only child of Professor and Mrs. Fawcett was growing into womanhood. Philippa was not a commonplace girl, and her



The blind Postmaster-General, and Mrs. Fawcett.

education was conducted on original lines. To be true and seek truth was the apparent root of her parents' teaching, and the child inherited a brave heart, equable nerves, and eager intellect. Her mother's desire was not simply to govern, but to teach her to govern herself. Philippa was free to study, to hear, to observe, to think—to work out her own mental and moral salvation. She was encouraged to inquire and weigh, and was abundantly furnished with all that could help her intellectual growth.

Mrs. Fawcett thus made of her daughter a devoted companion, admiring and apprehending. Together they studied languages, science, and literature, walked and rode together, travelled abroad together, and together loved the husband and father. After the Professor's death, they were necessarily drawn yet closer, and on the day when Philippa, student of Newnham, distanced all competitors and came out "*above* the Senior Wrangler," there was assuredly but one swift regret—"Oh, that *he* could have been with us!"

In educating the girl, Mrs. Fawcett wisely respected the natural inclinations of her brain. Morally, Philippa could hardly fail to start with a splendid equipment of courage, truth, and purity; intellectually, her dower was as great. Inheriting her father's gift, she turned instinctively to mathematics, and Mrs. Fawcett lost no time, and tried no temper, in forcing on her uncongenial tasks, such as music. Absolutely free from self-consciousness, Philippa neither dreaded, nor deferred to, mere masculinity, though modest in the presence of excellence in man or woman. As a child she put to flight a boy who molested her, in as matter-of-fact a way as, later, she passed over the heads of her male competitors. To her mother's judicious training she owes the possession of a clear brain where reason requires a hearing of emotion.

In closing this short memoir of Mrs. Fawcett we must allude to her attitude to the world in general.

Though she is so ardent in the cause of women, she recognises, and would have all recognise, that "the woman's cause is man's." She has no hostility to sex, but to sin only, and the worthy—men or women—she counts as friends. Women, she considers, must be educated, not merely in the narrow sense of the term, but educated to think—not to take for granted, but to know the reason of the faith that is in them; educated to consider their position, and the means of improving it. Thus with better education she advocates also woman suffrage as a means to gaining equality for women with men before the law. Of injustice, as of weakness, she has a horror, and if she will not grant to men the greater licence, she will not permit to women the excuse of weakness. Her sympathies are with the strong, the true, the unswerving.

The sweet grace, the gentle charm, of the soft nature with whom mercy and intercession are instinctive, who can forgive to seventy times seven, be deceived and trust again, love where no love is, and clothe with its own divinity the wretchedest rag of humanity, are not, perhaps, the virtues of Mrs. Fawcett. Uncompromising she is in her hatred of vice, and may sometimes lose sight of the sinner in the sin. Hers is the torch which lights up the beacon for the steadfast pilot; she holds out the laurel, with infinite triumph, to the victor. She bears her appointed gift, and has not forgotten to use it in the home as well as in the world. To her daughter she was the guiding light, and on her husband's heart she laid the crown of a womanly devotion.

FOR MOTHERS AND WIVES.

BY PHYLLIS BROWNE.

The Heritage of the Lord.

CHILDREN are the heritage of the Lord, the good Book tells us, and mothers who have realised how much more satisfactory it is for the heart to be fixed on persons, rather than on things, find no difficulty in accepting the statement. How often mothers must have sympathised with the Roman matron, who, when twitted by a neighbour with the plainness of her dress, and her lack of ornaments, brought forward her two noble boys, and said, "Behold the jewels of the Gracchi." That is one of the sweetest stories that history has given to us.

There seems to be a belief rapidly growing up amongst us that the thing most worth living for is to get money, or, rather, that if we can once become possessed of money, we can buy whatever we wish to have. The belief is founded on a mistake. Ruskin says: "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth, but in the multitude of the persons whom he loves, and who love him."

A well-known divine used to say that every little child was sent into the world to be a little Messiah, bringing peace and goodwill. Without doubt, children bring work and anxiety, as well as love and joy; yet those people are not by any means the happiest, who have no one to think of but themselves. As Dr. Johnson said, after he had lost his wife, "Having nobody now to please, I am little pleased."

Keeping Medicines.

A little time ago the mother of a family was "clearing out" a cupboard not in daily use, and she lighted upon a pill-box containing four pills. "I do not know what these pills are," she said to a friend, who was standing near; "you had better throw them into the fire." "What!" said the friend, in a horrified tone. "Would you waste good medicine? You do not know what good it might do. I will take it," and straight away she swallowed the four pills. This incident truly occurred, and the person who acted thus was not looked upon as a lunatic. Her conduct was foolish, of course; but many people are foolish in the same way, though less extravagantly so. In how many homes are medicines allowed to stand here, there, and everywhere, without having a distinctive place of keeping. Yet some of the doses may be very strong. Supposing a child were to take one by accident, what mischief might ensue! There is nothing more reprehensible in a household than the careless handling of drugs. Nearly all drugs deteriorate in quality with keeping; therefore those that are harmless are generally also worthless. When illness is past, the first thing that a mother should see after is to empty all the half-used medicine bottles. If certain remedies must be kept, let them be plainly labelled, and put away in a safe place.

Sort the Sewing.

Mothers who have been working for years, mending and making for growing, active children, sewing by daylight and gaslight, or lamplight, for those who are dear to them, are sure, after a time, to find their sight beginning to fail. First they cannot see to thread the needle, then the stitches are discovered to be less regular than was supposed, then there follows a little uncertainty as to the distance at which the sewing should be held. These experiences are very unpleasant.

What is the mother to do who finds herself face to face with this difficulty? She can get herself fitted with spectacles, of course—that goes without saying, and the sooner she does it the better; for to defer using spectacles when we need them is to put an undue strain on the eyes. But apart from these artificial aids, can nothing be done to preserve the sight? Decidedly something can, and one of the simplest, yet most effectual means to adopt is that of sorting the sewing. We spoil our eyes terribly by working dark-coloured things by gaslight. Sewing must be done, we know; but in an average family, with its mixed sewing, it would be easy by giving a little thought to the matter to sort the needlework, and so avoid having to deal with dark-coloured articles in the evening. Let housemothers thus circumstanced take steps at once, and prevent mischief, even though it has not yet been realised. Let them look over their work-baskets, and divide the garments to be mended into two piles. Put the white work, the print aprons, napery, etc., in one pile, to be dealt with in the evening; put the dark-coloured goods, the black stockings that want darning, and the black vest or coat that needs to be repaired, in another pile, to be attended to in broad daylight. This simple expedient will prevent many strains and aches and pains.

Gracefulness in Walking.

Very few women, we are told, walk gracefully. They either wobble or shuffle along, or poke their chins forward, or swing their arms, or slouch. A pretty formula was given not long ago for walking, which those who are conscious of imperfection in this direction may like to know. It was as follows:—"Fancy a slender cord about your chest, just beneath the arms, the ends of which an angel bears aloft, fluttering just above your head, and walk so gently, smoothly, and erectly that the cord shall remain taut, yet not be permitted to break. Remember, too, to hold yourself firmly at the waist; step lightly on the ball, rather than on the heel, of the foot; do not bend the knees, except very, very slightly, in taking a step, and keep the toes in a straight line rather than turned outward." These details seem very trifling. but if they received attention, there is no doubt that they would accomplish their object. After all, there is no reason why women should not acquire the habit of walking gracefully if they can.

Sanitary Homes.

We are constantly hearing in these days of the relation between sanitary arrangements and health, and newspapers are full of the work which vestries and other public bodies ought to perform, in order to promote the well-being of the people. The criticisms made are probably sensible enough, but there is a little bit of practical sanitary work which women may look after every day in their own homes, and which is of the greatest importance. Miss Octavia Hill drew attention to it some months ago. In an address to women this lady said, "All the punctual collection of dust in the world will not do so much for the house as will the habit of burning pea-pods and cabbage stalks."

Savoury Toasts for Breakfast.

Housewives who would like to provide something fresh for the family breakfast as a change from the usual rasher, are advised to try one of the following "toasts."

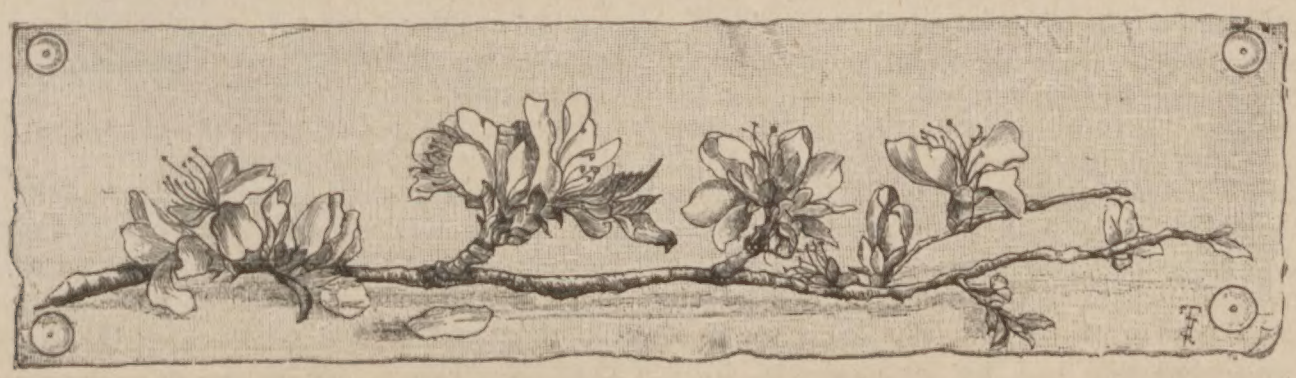
Kidney Toast.—Skin two sheep's kidneys, remove the core, and cut the meat into dice. Melt an ounce of butter in a stewpan; when it fizzes throw in the chopped kidney, and sprinkle pepper and salt on it; stir briskly over the fire for five minutes. Lift the pan away from the fire, and drop an egg into it. Stir for a minute or two; add a few drops of lemon juice. Cut a good round of well-buttered toast into neat squares, spread the mixture on it, and serve quite hot.

Tomato Toast.—Skin two tomatoes and chop them into dice. Mince a small piece of onion and two ounces of ham. Melt an ounce of butter in a stewpan; when it fizzes put in the mince, and cook for ten minutes. Lift the pan from the fire, put in two well-beaten eggs, and stir till the eggs are thick, but not at all hard. Spread on toast as above, and serve hot.

Devilled Toast.—Work half an ounce of fresh butter to cream with the point of a knife. Mix with it half a teaspoonful of mustard, a little pepper and salt, and a teaspoonful of Worcester sauce. Spread on buttered toast, and serve hot.

Recipe.

Mutton Duck.—A tasty and economical dish, suitable for almost every season, may be made by stuffing a shoulder of mutton with sage and onion stuffing, and serving it with thick brown gravy and good apple sauce. When purchasing the meat, get the butcher to remove the bone as far as the first joint, and fill the cavity thus made with forcemeat. Skewer well, and bake in the usual way. Before baking the meat it will be well to trim away a good deal of the fat from the shoulder, otherwise the dish may be too rich to be agreeable to all who try this recipe.



"Minnie, my child, you too must have that crown."

THE STORY OF THE FLOWERS.

BY EDITH C. KENYON,

Author of "Hilda; or, Life's Discipline," "The Old Violin," etc.

"MAMMA, I can't go to sleep! Oh, the beautiful flowers! So yellow they were, mamma, and, oh! so beautiful!" cried little six-year-old Minnie Duncan, starting up for the twentieth time after she had gone to bed to exclaim about the flowers she had seen that day in a country meadow to which her mother had taken her and her brothers and sisters.

Mrs. Duncan was tired, and her first impulse was to bid the child stop talking and go to sleep. But as she looked at the eager, smiling face of her darling, she formed a wiser determination. The little mind had received an impression that day of the beauty of flowers which time might never efface; how well it would be, therefore, if, by a little exertion on her part, she could link with that impression a holy thought which would be as lasting! So, forgetting her own fatigue, in a way that devoted mothers have, she said—

"They were very beautiful, darling. Shall I tell you a story about them?" For she knew that, as the poet says, "Truth embodied in a tale can enter in at lowly doors," and she remembered a quaint and beautiful German legend about the very flowers they had seen together in their walk that day.

"Oh, yes, please do, mamma; please, please do."

"Once upon a time," began Mrs. Duncan, in gentle tones, "a poor little boy was in great trouble; for his mother had died. 'Where has she gone?' he asked everyone. And they all replied, 'To Paradise.' 'I will go, too,' he said. But they told him he would have to wait until he was sent for. The little boy did not like waiting, however, and so he went on asking everyone how he could find the way to Paradise, until a man, wearied of his cries, bade him run to where the sky looks as if it touches the earth—we call that the horizon—and there he would find the door of Paradise.

"The child set off running, but, alas! he could never reach the place where the sky seemed to touch the earth. At last, tired out, he sank down in a soft meadow, amongst the long grass and flowers, and fell asleep. Presently he thought he heard the sound of little feet dancing all around him, and, looking up, he saw many little children dressed in white and wearing golden crowns upon their heads. The children invited him to play with them, and so he did until the sun sank in the sky, and they said they must go home before the dark shades of night came on. 'Where are you going?' he asked eagerly.

"'Back to Paradise,' said they. At that the little boy begged to go with them, and they all climbed up a high blue hill until they came to a great shining door at the top. An old man opened the door, and, smiling kindly, let the children pass through; but he stopped the little boy, saying, severely, '*You* cannot come in here. *You have not got a crown.*'

"Miserably disappointed, the boy went down the hill, and throwing himself on the cool grass, when he reached the meadow, he cried until he could cry no more. Then, looking about, he noticed for the first time how very yellow the flowers, the cowslips, around him were. Jumping up, he gathered a quantity, and then, sitting down, wove them into a crown, which he placed upon his head. Once more he went up the hill to the shining door.

"'You here again?' said the old man, sternly, opening the door in answer to his knock.

"'Yes,' replied the child; 'see, I've got a crown now.'

"Then the old man smiled. 'Yes,' he said, gently, 'you have got the crown of simple, obedient faith. You may enter in.'

"And then, all the little children came crowding round the boy, and took him to his mother, and showed him all the beautiful place with its streets of gold, and its people dressed in white and playing their golden harps."

"Oh, mamma," cried Minnie, delightedly, "what a dear, beautiful story! What does it mean? What did the old man mean when he said that?"

Her mother smiled. "Well, you see, Minnie dear," she said, "the little boy *believed* the old man when he said that he could not enter Paradise without a crown; and he was *obedient:* when he found he ought to have a crown he went and got the very best one he had it in his power to get. And because he did so, it became for him one of the right sort, and it caused him to be admitted into Paradise. Minnie, my child," and the mother drew her

tenderly into her arms, "you, too, must have that crown—and you must take care that you never lose it—the *crown of obedience and of faith;* for without it you cannot enter the Paradise above, where I pray God I may be waiting for you. My little girl, whenever you see the flowers you must think of this."

Then the mother went downstairs, and Minnie fell asleep and dreamt she was making herself a beautiful crown of the lovely yellow flowers she had seen that day.

* * * * * *

"Minnie, my darling, make me a happy man. Tell me that you return my love," pleaded Ernest Gray, as he stood by Minnie's side, in the park which surrounded the house where she lived as governess.

The girl was sitting on a fallen tree; in her hand she held some beautiful large cowslips that her lover had just brought her. And now she did not immediately answer his eager words, but gazed at the flowers through eyes into which great tears had risen.

She loved him. Yes, she knew she loved him. But he was not a Christian. He had told her so quite plainly. And he despised the Bible which she reverenced and the precepts of which she tried to obey. That Bible contained the words, "Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers." How, then, could she marry him? Her mother had been dead six years, yet her influence still seemed to surround Minnie, and, as she looked at the lovely cowslips, she remembered the story those dear lips had told her now fifteen years ago.

"Take care, my child, that you never lose your crown—the crown of obedience and of faith; for without it you cannot enter Paradise, where I pray God I may be waiting for you."

The flowers themselves seemed to repeat the words.

Minnie hesitated no longer.

"I cannot be your wife," she said.

"But why? Will you not tell me why?" he demanded.

Then Minnie told him gently that she was a Christian, and as such did not think it right to unite herself in the closest of all unions with one who was an unbeliever. "See, the very flowers brought me a message," she said; and then she told him the little story which had been related to her so long ago by the lips which were silent now in death. "I, too," she ended by saying—"I, too, want to go to Paradise, where I believe my mother is. But, oh! I know that I can never enter there if I have not that faith which shows itself in obedience. I am a Christian, and my religion forbids me to marry one who is not."

With a grave, set face Ernest Gray went away, and Minnie sank down on her rustic seat, crying over the flowers which had brought their message from the past.

* * * * * *

Two years later Minnie received a letter which filled her heart with joy. It was from Ernest Gray. "I thank God that you were firm, Minnie," he wrote. "Your consistent behaviour caused me to search and see what were those truths the potency of which made a young girl bravely resist the love she felt, and choose a life of comparative

"She did not immediately answer his eager words, but gazed at the flowers."

poverty, instead of one of wealth and ease; and as I sought as I had never sought before, more and more light was graciously vouchsafed to me, and now I rejoice to say that I am a Christian."

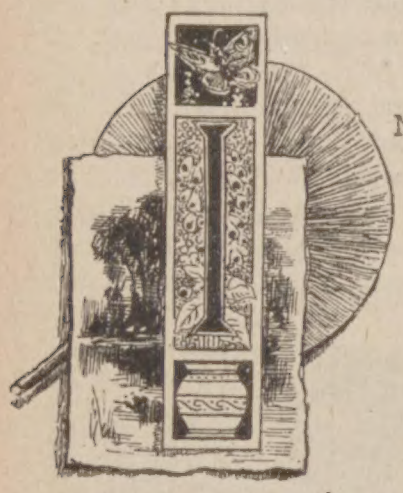
"Thank God," said Minnie, and thought gratefully, too, of all her mother's teaching. Then her eyes fell on the closing words of the letter, and she read them wonderingly, "I hear you are to marry George Hallcroft. Well, he is a good man; I wish you every happiness."

Minnie sat down to her writing-table and wrote a kind little note of congratulation to her friend about his conversion. And in a postscript she added, "But you have been misinformed about me; I am not engaged, as you seem to think."

The next day Ernest Gray came and asked her again with warm importunity to be his wife, and this time she did not say "No," for there was no longer any reason at all worth consideration why she should do so.

MOTHER DEBORAH.

BY MRS. SKINNER.



IN the Queen's Hall of the People's Palace in London, so named because of the statues placed round its walls, you will find a Bertha, a Boadicea, a Zenobia, and a Louise, but no Mother Deborah, although she once ruled as a queen. Yet her fame is greater than any of these. She was born in the time of her country's greatest need, when the heel of the oppressor was so terribly felt that the inhabitants of the villages had to flee to the cities, the highways became deserted, fruitful valleys remained uncultivated, communications stopped between the north and south of the land, and laws were disregarded. Seeing all this oppression and misery, her heart was stirred. People from far and near flocked to her for advice, and under a shady palm she held her court. Then the moment came for decisive action. Summoning to her aid an astute general, she laid her plans before him, asking him to be the leader.

"Yes," was his answer, "I will, *if you will go with me.*"

"But," said she, knowing man's vanity, "if I go with you the victory will be said to be mine—a woman's!—and not yours."

The general answered, "That will not cause me to alter my conditions of service."

Then the call went from clan to clan, assembling them to battle. Some made excuses because they were too busy, or too afraid; but some were very brave, ready willingly to jeopardise their lives unto the death in following their leader, Mother Deborah.

With a band of untrained warriors, armed with the rudest weapons, she set forth—and conquered. Because right was on her side; because she trusted, and feared not; because she had not started before receiving her commission—God was with her. On the plain, where in after days fought the Crusaders, the armies met. A terrible storm broke from the east, and the pitiless hail beat in the faces of the enemy. The rich, deep soil was turned into a bog, in which the heavy chariots sank. The river and its creeks were filled with rushing torrents, which swept down the alien band like the autumn winds the withered leaves.

The victory was a grand one. Peace and prosperity again ruled over the land, and Mother Deborah, judge and then general, became the poetess and singer; for her heart was so full of praise, her lips could not keep quiet.

Ah! now you know who she was. Deborah, "a mother in Israel" (Judges iv.).

To-day, in this spring-time of 1893, we English women will do well to let Mother Deborah's life teach us five important lessons:—

I. *Not to close our eyes to the wrong things in the world.* Mother Deborah was a woman who kept her eyes open. The fear of being stigmatised as a fault-finder did not hinder her from noting as such the wrongs that were rampant all round her. What about our own land? True, we have good roads and can travel in safety from north to south; but what about the drunkenness of our land, the immorality, the Sabbath-breaking, the spirit of gambling and worldliness? What about our own homes and lives? How often the spirit of pride is seen there! How often is the maid in the kitchen oppressed more sorely than was any Israelitish maiden! How often we are untruthful! How often we selfishly attend to our own enjoyment and think nothing of the weariness, woe, hunger, and wretchedness of thousands of our brothers and sisters!

There was a woman once, who, to save the trouble of dusting, used to keep the blinds well drawn, and tried to feel assured that all looked nice. Are we not often inclined to imitate her?

II. *To place ourselves on the side of God and the right.* As soon as Mother Deborah realised the state her country was in, her heart said, "These things are bitter wrongs; what can I do to change them?" Her influence soon began to be felt; her palm-tree court daily grew larger, till she was acknowledged as Israel's "judge." As people flocked round her, looked into her brave face, listened to her wise, inspiring words, they said to one another eagerly and hopefully, "The Lord hath not forsaken us."

If we are good housewives and enter a room in our homes suspicious of dust, we let in the light, to investigate, and if found, we say by our actions, "This will not do," and broom, brush, soap, and duster are soon at work. Our attitude towards moral dirt should be the same.

III. *To fight for God and the right.* There came a voice to Mother Deborah, "Awake, awake, Deborah! Do yet greater things for Me." God so often uses weak instruments to do His work—left-handed Ehuds; Shamgars with ox-goads; Samsons with jaw-bones; Gideons with noises and lights; and then, greatest fact of all, He chose to reveal Himself to us in the person of a poor carpenter's son. He hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty. Read Deborah's words in her song: "O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength" (Judges v. 21).

It is not sufficient to place ourselves on the side of right; we should also be prepared for active service. No excuse ought to keep us back. A bitter curse fell upon those weak, fearful Israelites who "came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

IV. *To trust in God.* Mother Deborah trusted for victory—she trusted the supplies would not fail. The chariots of the enemy were ten thousand, but she knew the chariots of God were "twenty thousand, even thousands of angels." Even the thunder-clouds are His chariots of wrath, and proved such in the day of the battle. Her courage was great because her trust was firm—firmer than the foundations of Tabor, whose peak rose grandly above the scene of triumph. And this trust inspired others who for years had bowed and cringed with cowardly fear. "I will surely go," said Deborah; and Barak answered, "Then I will go." Deborah started forth, and ten thousand men followed her. "Up!" cried Deborah, "for this is the day! The Lord hath gone before us!" And her word was as the trumpet-blast of war.

There are battles to be fought to-day. Let us not sit idly waiting till another Mother Deborah arises; let us each listen for the call, "Awake, awake!" We are weak, but the Lord goeth before. We are untrained, but trust in God is better than training. Are we known for our unfailing trust? Is our trust an inspiration to anyone else?

V. *To lead a singing and a sunlike life.* The song which bears Deborah's name in the Bible could not have been her first song. Under the palm-tree the same notes must have been heard. Not all at once do souls burst forth into such rich strains of rapture. In the days when joy was all of faith, and the shadows cast by wrongs were thick and dark, the prelude rose. Learn to sing, sisters, *now*. The notes may tremble, but the gladder, stronger tones will come soon. Sing when even prayer fails you. Sing when you feel to be getting quarrelsome. Sing when the way seems dark.

Never a day passes but to each of His *trustful* children the Lord gives a victory; but is it always followed by the thankful song?

Deborah had often watched the sun in that eastern sky riding majestically along, calling forth beauty everywhere, never daunted by opposing cloud. "O to be like that sun in power and beauty!" And the highest thought she could find as the climax to her song was that those who loved her Lord might "be as the sun," filling the world with sunshine born of true, devoted courage.

ESQUIMAUX SEWING TOOLS.

Esquimaux Woman and Child.

When an Esquimaux woman sits down to sew, she does not bring out her scissors and thimble and needle-book and wax and emery and pin-cushion, and an assortment of thread and silk and darning-cotton and tape and buttons, and so forth. She simply takes from some convenient hanging-place about her dress a small ivory or bone needle-case, with its pendants, and she is completely equipped for her work.

Does she want a needle? She takes out of the case a queer-looking article of ivory or bone, shaped like our needles of steel, only the smallest three times as big as any we have, with an eye that a blind woman could not miss, or a larger one from four to six inches long, and coarse in proportion. Sizes are not much considered.

If a thimble be the object of desire, she pulls it off its holder, a hook of ivory several inches long, hanging to the needle-case. The thimble of ivory is shaped like ours, but without a top, if she be a Chalitmut Esquimaux and live in the genial climate of Alaska; or like a shield, the shape and size of a finger-nail, with a ring to pass round the finger, and black dots or lines to hold the needle head. If she happen to be an Ungava Esquimaux, she wears a real "finger-hat," an inch and a half long; that, of course, covers the first joint.

The needle in Alaska has not the place of honour among women's implements that it has with us; it plays second to the bodkin, which, by our custom, is mostly abandoned to embroiderers. This instrument is large enough for ornamentation, and some that are on exhibition in the museums are marvels of dainty carving, considering the clumsy tools an Alaskan Esquimaux works with. The prettiest bodkins are four or six inches long, with the upper half cut into open-work, and a minute bird, or perhaps a human head, perched on top, decorated with black dots and lines in fanciful design. Some are shaped like a small fish, with a row of holes down each side for the insertion of tufts of stiff hairs, and the useful sharp point coming out of the mouth like the sword of the sword-fish. Other bodkins have points of iron, some being as many as eight or ten inches long, and clumsy to match.

The case that holds these sewing tools is curious—a cylinder, from six to ten inches long, and from half an inch to an inch and a quarter in diameter. It is made of walrus ivory, or the wing bone of a swan, carved and decorated with an etching of simple dots, or of scenes, figures of men and animals, and so forth. In many instances a leather thong passes through it, and it is kept from slipping by a bunch of pendants fastened to each of the ends, which are cut into fringe for the purpose. These pendants are often as varied as a bunch of "watch charms," and are doubtless much valued by their—shall we say fair?—owner.

Occasionally a needle-case is ornamented more elaborately with carved figures. One case will represent a wolf, of course greatly "conventionalised"; another a seal, or a whale, or even a reindeer with legs bent up under its body; and one, more pretentious than the rest, may show three or four men in a boat, the sitting figures being two inches high. A few of these cases have a wooden stopple at each end, but most often there is only the leather string passing through, for our Esquimaux sister has no basket, nor box, nor bureau. What she owns and values she carries about with her, and the tools so laboriously made, and so necessary in sewing the tough natural skins which she makes into garments, must be among her very limited treasures.

The Cripples' Home, Bray, Ireland.

Basket-Making.

OUR LITTLE AFFLICTED ONES.

BY SYDNEY CARSTONE.

WHILE staying at that most delightful of watering-places, the Wicklow Bray, I visited the Cripples' Home, founded by the late Mrs. Sullivan. I had often seen the cripples at church, or driving along the shore in a pretty little donkey trap; and their comfortable clothes and bright, happy look had roused my interest.

The building is situated on the Dargle road, the beautiful Wicklow mountains forming a background; and as I passed the door I often paused in surprise to listen to the merry laughter and unmistakable din of romping games, which sounded somewhat strange, proceeding, as it did, from a house inhabited entirely by those poor little afflicted ones who are usually debarred from taking part in the healthy amusements and fun indulged in by their fellow-children.

I naturally felt curious to see how the Home was worked, and wherein lay the secret of the exceptionally well-to-do case of these cripples. On entering the hall, the first thing that struck me was the home-like look and feel of the place. There was nothing suggestive of the "Charitable Institution." The hall and stairs were made bright and pretty by flowers, pictures, and other ornaments scattered about, as in a private house.

Opposite the entrance was a brass plate with an inscription stating that the Cripples' Home had been founded by Mrs. Sullivan "as a thanksgiving to Almighty God, for deliverance from peril of shipwreck on Lake Zurich."

The story of how the funds for starting this most deserving of institutions were got together is too long to tell in this paper. Suffice it to say that kind friends came forward generously and promptly, and that Mrs. Sullivan's dream was realised. To use her own words, "I often longed for what then seemed an impossibility—namely, that school life, such as delicate children are capable of, might be combined with hospital care and treatment. And I also thought how during those long, listless hours through which the cripples passed, some suitable handicraft might well be acquired, which would form a pleasing and healthy distraction from pain or study, and which would enable the cripple hereafter to earn a subsistence. Hospital care, school training, industrial occupation—these three, how I longed to see them combined! But to have them combined in a pleasant country home, among the green fields, near the sparkling sea, and with pure, fresh air from breezy heights, this—this indeed became to me a dreamland, where all my thoughts, whether waking or sleeping, centred."

All this dream is now an accomplished fact—an additional proof of what faith, hope, and charity can triumphantly achieve.

We were shown into the board room, and while waiting for the coming of Miss De Montmorency, the Lady Superintendent, we inspected the specimens of the cripples' work, exhibited in sundry glass cases. There were dolls, crochet, plain and fancy articles, one and all beautifully done. As we mounted the stairs, Miss De Montmorency explained that certain puzzling-looking wire arrangements, placed at intervals on the banisters, were for the purpose of preventing the children from sliding down the rails. I was surprised and, I must confess, pleased to know that, crippled as they were, these little things shared with other juveniles a weakness for that fascinating pastime of "sliding down the banisters."

We first visited the infirmary, a warm, cheerful room, made as gay as possible by little pictures and ornaments.

In a screened-off bed sleeps the superintendent, an

In the Infirmary.

amiable-looking girl, herself a young cripple, whose case had been considered hopeless, and whose recovery from a difficult hip operation was held to be so extraordinary that she was brought before the Royal Medical Society, that the assembled doctors might see the wonderful cure.

There were only two children in the infirmary—one a fat, sturdy little fellow, who at once ran up to the Lady Superintendent with a beaming face, which plainly showed her appearance was welcome. The child appeared as strong and healthy as anyone could desire, but, alas! there was a malformation of limb, which necessitated an operation. This little one had been brought all the way from Canada to be placed in the Home. The second child was in a reclining chair, and looked more of an invalid. His closely cropped hair showed that he had recently arrived, for, as Miss De Montmorency explained, the majority of the children come in a filthy condition, especially with regard to their heads, and the work of cleansing is the first necessary step after they have been received.

Many operations are performed at the Home, but the more serious cases are sent to the hospitals. The patients receive nourishment and care at the Home both before and after the operations.

The deformity of many of the children arises solely from want of proper food and attention, and a few months of the Home treatment quite transforms them. On our way to the dormitories we passed the medicine cupboard, and Miss De Montmorency told us that she made up nearly all the prescriptions herself, having learned the useful art of compounding drugs before coming to Bray.

Over each bed in the dormitories is a brass plate stating what person or society keeps up that particular bed. £10 a year, or £250 down, is the sum required for the maintenance of a cripple. Some are supported by working classes and schools, weekly collections, harvest thanksgiving offerings, etc.

Boys are eligible for admission from four to eight years of age, and girls from four to twelve. The Home now provides accommodation for forty cripples. "Misery is the chief title to admission," and that without respect of creed.

Children are sent from all parts of the country, as the Home at Bray is the only institution of the kind in Ireland, and Protestants of all denominations gladly avail themselves of it; but as all the inmates must be present at daily prayers and Bible reading, the Roman Catholics seldom allow any of their community to enter as patients.

When an application for admission is made, the child must

In the School-room.

be passed both by the committee and by the doctors. Incurable cases are dismissed. This, however, may be changed in the future, for hopes are entertained that as a memorial to the late Mrs. Sullivan, a wing may be built for the reception of cases of life-long suffering.

The beds are low to the ground and covered with bright red and white quilts. The floor is tiled. All crutches have to be left outside the dormitory doors, and I could scarcely imagine how some of the cripples ever managed to get into their beds, or about at all, without their accustomed props. It seems, however, that they do; the stronger help their weaker brothers and sisters—but that getting into bed must be a queer sight all the same.

Over each of the girls' beds hangs a small book-stand, in which are books and sundry little ornaments. The boys have no such receptacle now. When they had they used, after the manner of their species, to fill the shelves with bunches of twine, sticks, stones, and similar untidy rubbish dear to the boyish heart, which so marred the general appearance of their dormitory that at last a stern edict went forth forbidding the importation and stowing away of any kind of treasure.

Off each dormitory is a large lavatory, beautifully kept; outside it, shelves for slippers, brush and comb bag, etc.

Below stairs we were shown the little chapel in which daily prayers are said. On the walls are brass plates with the names of such subscribers as have died or ceased to give to the institution.

Near to hand is the refectory. The food provided for the children is plentiful and good—meat every day, and such extra nourishment as each particular case may at times require.

From the refectory we turned into the class-rooms. The mornings are given up to school, and the afternoons to work, boys and girls alike stitching away. Some ladies kindly give a couple of hours each week to one of the sewing classes. The children make patchwork quilts, knitted articles, and so on, which are given to the "Deep Sea Fisheries" and other charities. In an adjoining room, in which is a piano, the elder girls were doing plain work. Besides all the clothes made for the cripples, outside orders are received and executed at moderate prices. We examined some underclothing just finished, and the stitching was beautifully neat. Crochet edging is also a feature of the cripple girls' work—the "Shamrock pattern," done in very fine cotton, was specially pretty. In a third large room basket-making was going on. A man who teaches at the Blind Asylum also gives lessons to the Bray cripples. Besides a great variety of plain and fancy baskets, there were wicker dress-stands, chairs, and afternoon tea-tables; cane-bottomed chairs are also repaired here. Last year the clear profits from the basket-making at the Home reached the very gratifying sum of £15 7s. 11d.

The porch of the original building is now converted into a little shop, where the goods made are exhibited for sale, and the work orders received. The shop is entirely managed by one of the elder girls, who takes the greatest interest in her business transactions.

This plan of making each inmate do something—no matter how small—to help in the general working of the institution has a most beneficial effect in improving the health, disposition, cheerfulness, and capacity for usefulness in each child. To use the words of the late Mrs. Sullivan: "Cripples, who come here supposing themselves to be helpless, soon discover that they can be helpful, and this new-born joy is to them a spring of healthfulness. The Home is kept principally by the crippled children themselves. They make their beds, dust the rooms, wash up delft, clean the boots, mind their little gardens, and perform all light household duties. The elder cripples care for, and tend the younger ones, and this they do right well and lovingly."

The cook at the Home entered as a patient; also the woman who looks after the poultry. The whole establishment is worked by two servants, besides the cripples themselves, and when one considers all that is required to keep such an institution spic and span, to make the whole machinery go smoothly without a hitch, and to feed, clothe, educate, and train forty disabled children, it must be admitted that nothing but perfect organisation and the judicious utilisation of each child's capacity to help, could perform all that is necessary, and produce such satisfactory results.

As far as is possible, each cripple is taught some trade or employment by which he or she can earn a livelihood. Some of the boys are sent to the London Cripples' Home, where, on payment of a moderate fee, they are taught some handicraft. Miss De Montmorency told us of one young man now earning a good income by die-sinking, which he learned at the institution.

It was gratifying to learn that the conduct of the children is almost all that could be desired, even the most unruly yielding to the influences around them, and soon falling into habits of obedience and order. Miss De Montmorency's usual punishment for the boys is to make them wear girls' clothes for a time. She has always found this most effectual, though from a woman's point of view it seems a little hard that feminine attire should be associated with loss of dignity in a boy's mind.

Some kind Australian friends made the Home a present of a donkey and trap, and generously give £12 a year for the animal's keep. Donations of money, scraps of material, books, flowers, and orders for work are always gratefully received at the Cripples' Home; and if people could see for themselves the great and good work being done in that comparatively small establishment, I am sure many, especially of the young, would do all in their power to help it on.

THE OVER-ANXIOUS MOTHER.

A MOTHER cannot be better employed than in caring for her children, even though it cost great self-denial. If she loves them and is an intelligent woman, the care will be a delight, and she will as soon think of hiring a nursemaid to be responsible for them as of getting a substitute to "shop" for her. She will treat them as reasonable beings, as companions—not puppets or little prodigies to be proud of; and they will do her as much good as she does them.

At the same time, those true mothers who never have even an impulse to neglect their little ones, are liable to become morbidly conscientious, and refuse, for instance, the pleasant outings that they need. Their tendency is to overdo their devotion to the child's well-being, forgetting Susanna Wesley's prescription of "a little wholesome neglect."

Then, too, there are the sweet-faced, gentle women who believe themselves in the way of duty when they hold or walk the floor with an infant who would be better left to amuse itself in the same room with only harmless things in its immediate vicinity. There are the industrious mothers who believe themselves "caring for their children" when they are bending over the embroidery needle or the ironing board because the family seamstress or laundress is not equal to the faultless work demanded by unwise solicitude in "caring for" the babies.

Babies should, of course, be sweet and fresh as flowers—but health, plenty of pure water, and clean clothes, although unadorned with superfluous frills, tucks, and embroidery, will ensure sweetness and freshness if the mental atmosphere around them is cheerful and sympathetic.

A mother may be employed in caring for her children and yet do them more harm than good. Fresh, unspoiled, their wants and needs are simple. They *do* need intelligent affection, and plenty of it. They do need freedom from all irritating pressure of clothing or undue solicitude to "mind and keep clean" when accidental grass stain and muddy splash are so often right on the highway to happiness. They do need, especially the babies, the sparkling water that their thirst cannot ask for.

Oh, the wrongs that are done the little folks under the guise of "caring for them"! Uncomfortable, showy clothing, parrot-like phrases, and unwholesome dainties are unwisely made use of in laboriously caring for them, and the flexile "twig" gets a wrong "bend" for life.

Of course, on these matters no hard and fast rules can be laid down—both circumstance and character are so varied. We can only state a principle, and each mother must apply it according to need. That principle is, to hold our children as charges from God, and to care for them with the wisdom and devotion which He only can inspire.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

O GRACIOUS Father, while I pray to Thee,
Bend down Thine ear to listen to my cry;
O hear me as I crave on bended knee
Thine aid omnipotent, Lord God most high.

Thou knowest all my weakness and my sin;
Thou wilt remember that I am but dust,
And that I need Thy grace my heart within,
To worthily fulfil my sacred trust.

For when Thou gave these little lambs to me
To lead in holy paths and innocent,
Thou gave me them, O Lord, to nurse *for Thee;*
They are not mine, to me they are but lent—
Lent from the treasury of Thy great love,
To solace me the while I tread the way
That leads by thorny paths to realms above,
Where shines the light of everlasting day.

Then grant Thine aid these children sweet to guide
In paths that Thou wilt smile upon and bless;
From all the "broad ways" of this world so wide
O guard and keep them by Thy righteousness.

Take them, O blessed Father, to Thy care,
So from all harm shall they be ever free;
For Jesus' sake, O hear my humble prayer,
And bless them now and through eternity.

WHAT TO TEACH A DAUGHTER.

TEACH her that not only must she love her father and mother, but honour them in word and deed.

That work is worthy always when it is well done.

That the value of money is just the good it will do in life, and that she ought to know and appreciate this value.

That the man who wishes to marry her is the one who tells her so, and is willing to work for her, and not the one who whispers silly love speeches, and forgets that men cease to be men when they have no object in life.

That her best confidant is always her mother, and that no one sympathises with her alike in her pleasures and her sorrows as you do.

That unless she shows courtesy to others, she need never expect it from them, and that the best answer to rudeness is being blind to it.

That when God made her body He intended that it should be clothed properly and modestly, and when she neglects herself she is insulting Him who made her.

Teach her to think well before she says "no" and "yes," and to mean it when she does.

Teach her to avoid men who speak lightly of any of the great duties of life, or who show in their appearance that their habits are bad.

Teach her that her own room is her nest, and that to make it sweet and attractive is a duty as well as a pleasure.

Teach her that if she can sing, or read, or draw, or give pleasure in any way by her accomplishments, she is selfish and unkind if she does not do this gladly.

Teach her to be a woman—self-respecting, honest, loving, and kind, and then you will have a daughter who will be a pleasure to you always, and whose days will be long and joyous in the land which the Lord hath given her.

A MOTHER'S NOTES ON DRESS AND DRESSMAKING.

WHAT shall we say, and what shall we represent on this page of our magazine? are always the first questions that arise as we set about our work. When these points are settled, our task is comparatively easy. The range of fashion is so large and varied that there is always plenty to say, but we are anxious to turn our page to the best account, and to speak of what is most useful and helpful to our readers. If, therefore, any of our mothers can offer suggestions that will make these notes of still more interest, we hope they will give us the benefit of them. They can do so by addressing as for patterns. In the meantime let us have a word about tight lacing. Some people seem to think that a small waist makes an elegant figure, which idea is gathered largely from the pictures shown in "ladies' papers," where the waist looks as if it were about twelve inches in circumference, whereas a natural waist should measure from twenty-two to twenty-four inches. Many very serious ailments

Fig. 19.

are engendered by this pernicious habit. Sensible mothers will see that their girls have room enough for the free development of a natural figure. There is certainly nothing to gain, and a great deal to lose by tight lacing.

Fig. 19. Here we show a young lady's dress, which is very simple to make, and yet one that will look neat and dressy. This pattern fastens at the back. After the lining has been fitted, the plain pointed yoke-piece is cut and laid on back and front; below this the material is gathered and set on, leaving a half-inch heading. This fulness is drawn into the centre of the waist, and also at the back. A band with rosettes at the side and back finishes the waist. This pattern

Fig. 20.

can be varied, by having a yoke of velvet or gathered silk, and also by trimming the skirt with a flounce or pleating. A wide waistband can be used if preferred.

Fig. 20. This is a lady's dress, trimmed with braid or velvet about two inches wide. The full bodice fastens invisibly down the centre, and is completed with a waistband, also trimmed with braid or velvet. The full sleeve is finished with a tight cuff, which has a band of the trimming at either end. The skirt is lined throughout, and has a band of velvet set on about three inches from the bottom edge, and taken up about eighteen inches on the right side.

Fig. 21.

Fig. 21 shows a pinafore over a dress of plaid beige, with yoke and cuffs of velvet. The pinafore is suitable for a girl from five to nine years of age, and is made of fancy spotted material, two widths of which will be sufficient. After the seam is sewn up, it is set into a band of insertion or material about three inches wide, and is edged with embroidery. A similar band trims the skirt of the pinafore. If the material is used instead of embroidery insertion, it can be worked, or feather-stitched with coloured flourishing thread. One-and-a-half yards of stuff will make a pinafore for a child of eight. The join must not be made down the centre of this useful little pinafore.

Fig. 22 represents a dress suitable for a girl from eight to twelve years of age, and is made in two shades of Tweed cloth. The body is lined, and hooked down the centre, the left side of the material buttoning over afterwards with large cloth buttons, as does also the skirt. The seam uniting body and skirt is hidden by a broad waistband. The sleeves are finished with a deep gauntlet cuff. The skirt of this dress is simple straight widths of material lined throughout with linenette. The band of contrast stuff at the bottom is about six inches wide and is stitched on and turned up; the join thus made can be covered with a few rows of stitching or with a band of braid. The buttons for the body and also the smaller ones for the sleeves can be made by covering button moulds with a piece of the cloth used for the dress. This dress will take about three yards of double-width stuff.

Fig. 22.

Flat patterns can be supplied. Figs. 19, 20, 22, 6½d. each; fig. 21, 4½d., post free. Address, "M. C. Pattern," 9, Paternoster Row, E.C.